FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY HORT STORY

Bread an Butter An' -Apple Butter.

BY BARBARA KERR. (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
HE was a little brown wisp of a

thing, sitting in a big chair propped upon a box to make her se right height to stir the apple tter. She could rest the long hanof the stirrer on the arm of the air so it would not be so heavy, then she could keep the paddle mov ing over the bottom of the great cop kettle. To help keep the rich butter from sticking to the bottom of the cettle her mother had thrown in a mber of bright, new copper cents thoroughly cleansed with hot vinegar and salt. If the apple butter was not shed Sarah Jane was to have all pennies for her own, besides, of se, all of the good bread and buter and apple butter that she could eat

It was an ideal October day. Along the fence was a riot of color, with now and then a sumach, like an immerse bunch of scarlet geraniums or a clump of goldenrod. The pokeberries with their purple inkwells mingled with the browns, russets and greens of sum mer weeds and a great profusion of wild grapevines. And Sarah Jane ap proved. The air was spicy with the fragrance of cooking apples and cider. The great copper kettle hung over a slow outdoor fire near the springhouse, and the long stirrer moved the pennies about ceaselessly.

Sarah Jane was droning an improvised little song which she attuned the swish of the pennies and the rgle of the apple butter as it surged ough the holes in the wooden pad-He of the stirrer:

"Peter-Pitter-Patter-Putter-Bread-an'-Butter-an'-Apple But-

too much hard cider will make you

not hard. Where's your mother?" shamed that any one, especially Ward, the idol of her childish heart, should have heard her silly little song, Sraah Jane hung her head can farm was famous for its apple butter, which had never been burned. She ness to youtried to pull her little brown bare feet up under her skirts and almost upset her precarious perch.

Look out for the throne!" cried her hands, saying gently: "Don't somer."
The little Say-Jane. Let me give As he drove through the sweet-

g away to college."

amily had moved away and the Bread — an' — Butter — an'—Apple ard farm was sold. But Sarah Jane Butter. not remain away; the old folks he needed her. She and her her still made apple butter, but

ot in the big copper kettle, for there were so few now to eat it. Then war broke out, and Sarah Jane atriotic and sweet and wholesome as er own valley, wanted to do her bit. he would make apple butter for the oldiers. She brought forth the copber kettle, and as she sat patiently stirring her thoughts reverted to that

other October day when she was so leaghed over the memory. prtified, and she and her mother When the apple butter was done and set away to cool in great stone jars. Sarah Jane made a market basket full of apple butter sandwiches and took them in to the station, for she had been warned that a troop train was

She delivered the delicious sandciches into eager hands thrust through he windows till she had just one left, hen she saw a soldier hurrying to eet her. Thinking that he was coming for the treat she held it out to him, crying out her wares in her musical contralto: "Just one of my fa-mous apple butter sandwiches left." Carranted pure cider, fresh from the

mean farm." "Bread - an'-butter - an'-apple r!" mimicked the soldier. "And es litle Say-Jane, too. Don't you tell ne you don't remember me!" and he ook the sandwich and the hand too. "I remember that you promised ou'd have better manners next time nd now you've reminded me of that with moment---

When the queen's throne toppledmd when I tried to fix it she abdi-

"It looks as if you were intent on scaring some one else into abdicat-ing, remarked Sarah Jane with a eep of her basket toward the train "the way you go flying through the intry, not even stopping to see the ld home place." Who said so?" bantered Milo. "I

ave a twenty-six hour stop-over. I e going out to your place, hoping and to see he old places. Be es one apple butter sandwich is ly tantalizing when you haven't tastd the Duncan brand for so long." Sarah Jane for a moment was gue-tied with a rush of her old hildish diffidence. "Oh, have a seart!" he pleaded, as he took her

sket from her arm. "I'm sure your ther would bid me welcome." Yes," assented Sarah Jane demure mother is such a good patriot,

d do anything for a soldier." I've a great mind to make you apol se right now for that remark to an ld schoolmate, little Say Jane," he stened as he helped her into the FORMAL GOWN FOR FESTIVE OCCASIONS



BY BETTY BROWN.

Lovely combination of satin and lace are most of the new evening frocks, with simplicity of line and lack of Well, hello, little poet! How do This striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the married women who were "not like the striking gown is of black Chandre of the striking gown is of bl of your cider from the mill, but with an odd draping of the satin to form the bodice and a draped panel.

madster. "We are going to cut out all the hero stuff. I'm not making an inin mortification. She would have run ternational appeal. In fact, it is a sort away, but she was mindful that Dun- of domestic matter. I've bought the can farm was famous for its apple but- old farm and I'm going to talk busi-

"De careful!" warned sarah Jane in a panic. "I'm not a very good driver scandal had brushed some of them scandal had brushed some of them and tarried with others. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Martin, sitting side by "De careful!" warned Sarah Jane in as he caught the chair and right on the box. Then, seeing her hedge, under that big hedge apple tree, and I'll tell you why I did not come

herer a few whiris while you find cented lanes he set about giving, as better for me." he termed it, a strict account of him Sane needed no second bid- self. And it must have been quite the found her mother, but satisfactory to all concerned, for while twenty-six hours' leave is all too short, leaving: "I guess I teased Saylove for him she had been convinced years ago. So when he left for the front it was with the understanding that the college." that he returned the old Ward farm Octobers came and went in the val-was to be again occupied by Wards, and if the old copper kettle was not rs of the farmers, went to college, needed for ammunition it was to have d no more, but took up their lives in seasons of apple butter making, when lous ways in other places. One there was any to be put up for winter



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HIDATI JA CHILDAS

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CHAPTER.

I Play the Woman of the World With Some Stagefright

on my attire. However, he permit- ped. tel himself to study me in a complimentary but not obstrusive fashiion. And his manner toward me changed, but so subtly that no one except myself noticed it. To him I was no longer only a very frank and pretty I was now superficial, artificial, sophisticated-in a way he had never suspected. He approved me so. By his manner he made me his equal twins in the nursery.

might venture upon with Certeis, I finch. She can smoke more cigarets, would have to fight hard for the drink more cocktails and play better stakes. Certeis lost about ten of his bridge than any woman who lives on years as the dinner progressed. I the boulevard. Every desirable man had never seen him so excited, so she meets follows in her train—for a elated. It was impossible for me to while. I couldn't count the men who believe that two hours before, I had have e"fallen for" her charms. Now caught him wheedling a business she is over forty, still handsome and secret from Chrys.

She seat word to mother that she about her. had a headache; so I was spared her comments on my costume and her

Mother Lorimer was indulgent to both the rouge and the coiffure, and toward me to relate the story of his she foiled the gossipers quite clever-ly by handing Certeis the checks for I drew away from him-and yetthe Lorimer box.

the critical observation of several social sets. I took time to settle myself comfortably in the pile of cushions Dr. Certeis collected, while all ried me. the marriageable girls watched me! Sex everywhere! I remembered a to men of certain types; and I won-Dr. Certeis.

Then I surveyed the house casually. Lots of pretty clothes had come out of their boxes, now that the war was over and a woman no longer dreamed at night of a lover or husband "going over the top".

I notice that husbands and wives

Dr. Certeis couldn't agree with side, advertised to society that her Daddy Lorimer's mocking comments divorce proceedings had been stop-

Mrs. Arthur Gelett was conspicuously chaperoned by her mother; evidently the two were delying socfety to refer to the careless way in which the young woman had been motoring around nights with a handsome chauffeur of the fact that she had a husband overseas as well as

But there was, I felt, a peril in Mrs. Calfinch came in late, as usual, my new position. Whatever game 1 I developed an interest in Mrs. Calvery rich; therefoe she is smiled on Chrys did not appear at the table by friends who never stop gossiping

Decidedly, when I am nearing for-ty, I don't want my face to carry pleasant surmise as to what Bob the story which is written on Mrs. Calfinch's lovely features. I drew away from Dr. Certeis as he stooped

he Lorimer box.

Nevertheless, when I walked into that box an hour later, it was under derstood music in exactly the same way. But that high fence of sex which Martha had preached about and the view I had of Mrs. Calfinch wor-

with envy. Some of these women, college lecturer who had said that thought I, are experts at the game I music is the most sensuous of all the have just started to play, and I un-rats. What fun it had been to rag ornamentation as significant features. derstool the wise glances of some of the super-refined music stu-

dered which of them had flirted with as I slipped farther away from my

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